

WHEN THE TIDE TURNED

By MARIE AVARY

Copyright, 1902, by McClure's Newspaper Syndicate.

The fresh sea breeze gave Acton Davis a saucy "good morning" as he munched on the porch. It blew Betty Fagan's yellow curls aureole wise round her face. She looked up joyously.

"Lazybones, are you here at last?" she cried merrily. "I have been waiting for you for ever so long."

Davis sat down beside her on the step and looked at her with good humored tolerance as he said lightly, "What do you want this morning, child?"

The girl detected the superiority in his tone. A flush rose to her cheeks, and her voice had a plaintive ring as she said, "Children are so unreasonable and want so many things, don't they?" Then, with swift return to her former bantering, "These are my commands, no read, mark, learn and inwardly digest, as the prayer book puts it. I want you to promise to take me to Hazard rocks this afternoon."

A shade fell on the man's face. He went on hastily, "I've wanted to go all summer, and now summer is almost over. You promised you would take me if I was very, very good, and, oh, it will be so lovely to stroll upon the shore and find long strands of strange seaweed and come upon unexpected pools full of jolly and star fish! Please take me. I will be good."

Her eyes were shining and her cheeks pink with excitement as she bent toward him pleadingly.

The man hesitated as if fearful of pushing her by a refusal. He seemed solely intent in watching the whitecaps in their mad race for the shore. Then he said brusquely, "No, I won't take you. I ought never to have promised, and so I take it back. You are quite too foolishly to venture in so dangerous a place. You would be sure to fall on those treacherous, slimy rocks, and then there would be the devil to pay. If the tide should catch us, there would be no hope."

Betty's chin quivered like a child's, and the tears were shining through her long lashes.

Davis felt swift compassion for his hasty words. "I honestly don't think it's safe to take you, Betty, or I would promise to forget about it, and we will go for a sail on the Petrol or anywhere else at your pleasure. Come, show me that you can be a reasonable little girl."

Betty might not have resented his fatherly tone if a gay voice had not rung out behind her.

"What are you two fighting about, as usual? Give me an explanation." And she laughed rather maliciously. It was Mrs. Neville, the source of Betty's heartaches for the last weeks.

The girl rose impatiently. "I have nothing to explain," she said lightly. "Mr. Davis can tell you what he pleases. It is nothing to me."

Davis looked after her with a frown of annoyance. It was really unpardonable for Betty to behave so rudely. She was too old for such childishness. It was quite true that they had quarreled almost constantly for the last weeks, he forgot that it was only she, Mrs. Neville had appeared at the hotel.

The young widow sank back in a rocking chair with a little laugh. She looked unusually pretty this morning, and as the man looked at her admiringly his frown faded. The full blown rose was certainly more satisfying than the thorny bud.

Mrs. Neville met his glance by a well executed drop of her lashes. "Tell me all about it," she commanded playfully.

"Betty wanted me to take her to Hazard rocks," Davis explained. "And I would not take her because it is so dangerous a trip."

Mrs. Neville was all interest. The Hazard rocks? She had heard about them. Did people ever go there? And was it all very romantic and exciting? A look of daring flashed across her face. She bent forward and gazed straight into his eyes. "Will you take me there?" she asked softly.

Perhaps it was the gleam of her dark eyes, the intoxication of her warm breath on his cheek. The man grew white. His voice was low and tense as he answered, "Yes, I will take you."

Betty did not appear at lunch. Again Davis felt the strange pang of compunction as he missed her laughing chatter. He did not know that Mrs. Neville had met her in the hall and explained that, though the Hazard rocks were much too dangerous a place for children, it was quite permissible for grownups, and Acton had promised to take her.

The girl had drawn herself up to all the slim height of her eighteen years and turned away without a word.

Nor did he guess that when the two strolled away an hour later a pair of blue eyes watched them from behind the half shut blinds, while slow tears rolled down the pale cheeks.

The rest of the guests shortly departed for an afternoon's sail. So presently Betty crept down, a forlorn little figure. As the afternoon waned, bringing no signs of the two, a vague fear began to take possession of her. The tide had begun to turn. Could it be that they had failed to notice it? She recalled Acton's words with a thrill of fear, "If the tide should catch us, there would be no hope."

Mr. Acton Davis was not enjoying his afternoon. The two had scrambled along the foot of the cliffs until they reached the half submerged pile of rocks bearing the name of Hazard.

The man was gazing at the sea. He could not forget the gleam of tears in Betty's eyes.

He turned suddenly to his companion with a reckless resolve to make the best of the matter. Something in the languorous depths of the dark eyes seemed to fire his blood. With a swift movement he caught her to him.

Just as his lips were about to meet hers, a sudden wave of repulsion, sudden as an unexpected repulsion, made him start back. As he did so he heard the splash of water. A tiny wave was breaking at his very feet. The tide had risen.

With a cry of horror he sprang to a higher point of rock and looked desperately toward the sea over which they had come. The waves were licking hungrily at the base of the cliff. Above the rock towered dark and trackless. They were caught in a deathtrap.

But he would not give up hope. Some fisher boat might be near. Again and again he sent his voice ringing out over the tossing waters.

As the last echoes died away he seemed to hear a faint answering halloo. Again his cry for help rang out, again came the nearing answer. A single figure struggled with the oars. It was a girl—Betty.

It seemed an eternity before she ground the keel on the sand and he had lifted in the almost unconscious figure of his companion.

Then the two set to work at the oars. Many a time they had rowed for a prize, but this was a struggle with death. The tide was rising higher and storm clouds were gathering. If they could win past the point to the quiet waters of the bay, all would be well. If not—Mrs. Neville huddled in a heap in the stern watched their desperate efforts with fear dilated eyes.

One great pull, another, and they shot into the bay. They were saved! As Betty ceased to feel the fierce current tugging at her oars she fell forward nervelessly.

She awoke to the dash of waters on her temples. The boat was drifting near the landing and Acton was piloting her head on his arm. "I dared not stop rowing before, dear," he was saying humbly.

As he read the heaven of love in her violet eyes he drew her close and whispered, "You saved my life, my brave little girl, and I did not deserve it for I have behaved like a brute!" She put up one little hand, blushed and bleeding from her cruel exertions, and tried to stop his words. "It is all right now," she said weakly. There was a smile of perfect content on her face.

They had both forgotten Mrs. Neville, but she still huddled in the stern and looked longingly at the shore, too white and shaken to think of love or lovers.

A Reviewer's Protest.
We get accustomed to the pleasant little ways of novelists and are sometimes inclined to overlook minor solecisms when we remember that they are all part of a praiseworthy effort to please. But just now we feel called on to protest against a prevalent practice that tends to get on the reviewer's nerves. The danger of using such phrases as "Such things might happen in a novel, but not in real life," or "As they say in novels," should, one would think, be sufficiently apparent to writers of fiction. "If this were a novel," remarks an ingenious writer, "so and so might have occurred, but in a narrative of plain fact," etc. This sort of thing has, of course, the sole result of reminding the reader that he is reading a novel, and if he has been beguiled by the author into losing himself for a moment the effect is at once dispelled. Suppose Hamlet had the opportunity to remark to his mother in the closet scene, "After all, this is only a play, you know." But the person who wrote under the name of Shakespeare practiced the art that hides art (some say the artist alone, and he was far too wary to remind his audience that he was imposing on their credulity). London Post.

Gardening for an Invalid.
Several years ago I found myself too much of an invalid to be in the garden sowing seeds and with no one at my service who in my opinion could be trusted to do it for me. A summer without flowers was too dreary a prospect to be contemplated.

I secured a half dozen wooden boxes about the size of common soap boxes and had them sawed so that they were each four inches deep. These boxes were so small that when filled with soil they could be easily lifted about. I had the boxes filled with soil from the garden, and now imagine my comfort as I sat at a table sowing my seeds! There were no cramped limbs and aching back, as was usually the case when I had sown my seeds in the seed bed. I had that year as fine a display of annuals as I ever had when the seeds were sown in the garden, in spite of the fact that the weather did not get warm enough for it to be prudent for an invalid to sit on the ground to transplant them until between June 9 and 14. Country Life in America.

The Cocksure Schoolboy.
Here are some examples of what the British schoolboy can do when he tries hard.

"John Wesley was a great sea captain. He beat the Dutch at Waterloo and by degrees rose to be Duke of Wellington. He was buried near Nelson in the Poets' corner at Westminster abbey."

"The sublime porte is a very fine old wine."

"The possessive case is the case when somebody has got yours and won't give it to you."

"The plural of penny is twopenny."

"Mushrooms always grow in damp places, and so they look like umbrellas."

Whims of a Horse.
The better the horse the more spirit he has. The disposition of an Arab hunter is thus described by Sewall Ford in "Horses Nine." No paragon, however, was Pasha. He had a temper, and his whims were as many as those of a schoolgirl. He was particularly as to who put on his bridle. He had notions concerning the manner in which a currycomb should be used. A red ribbon or a bandanna handkerchief put him in a rage, while green, the holy color of the Mohammedan, soothed his nerves. A lively pair of heels he had, and he knew how to use his teeth.

Animals in Fire.
When Cyprus was the center of the copper industry, it is asserted that a four footed animal with wings lived in the hottest furnaces among the fire and furthermore that it would die instantly upon being removed from its natural element, the flames. The salamander of old was also a creature which did not dread the fire. Some say that it could eat fire and spit flames, others that its breath would ignite all combustible. Play says, "This animal is so intensely cold as to extinguish fire by its contact in the same way that ice doth."

Old newspapers for sale at the Gazette-News office for 20c. per 100.

Settling a Hotel Bill in Portugal.
In Portugal, when the traveler asks for his bill the landlord pleasantly rubs his hands together and answers, "Whatever your excellency pleases to give."

This will not do, for the traveler is sure to offer too little or too much and to be thought either a spendthrift or a niggard, so he has to make a speech, thank the landlord for his confidence and beg for a detailed statement.

Then the landlord, politely deprecating anything of the kind, is slowly persuaded to check off the various items upon the fingers of his hand, with a long argument before each successive finger is done with and doubled down.

"What does it come to?" asks the traveler, taking out his purse at last, when the hand and the account are closed.

"What did his excellency not add up?"

His excellency having been incapable of this act of mental arithmetic, the addition is done over again, from the little finger backward, with a finger or two perhaps representing forgotten items brought into account from the other hand.

The sum total is gladly paid, and host and guest are mutually content, the guest knowing that he has not been overcharged more than perhaps a thumb and two fingers.

Ancient Needlework.
Some of the oldest needlework extant was found in Egyptian and Egyptian-Roman tombs, a rough sort of flaxen cloth, like the bath toweling of our own day. It has loops of wool worked with some kind of needle, raised on one side of the stuff only, and a kind of tapestry partly woven and partly outlined in needlework. The mummies which an insatiable modern curiosity has disturbed are wrapped in linen, as less liable than woolen cloth to the ravages of moth, and the art of weaving the flax that grew so plentifully on the banks of the Nile was probably learned by the Israelites during their sojourn in Egypt.

Ezekiel speaks of "fine linen with bordered work from Egypt." Linen seems the natural ground and foundation of all embroidery. It often lasts longer than the work itself, can be cleaned and will not fray or wear out, as do more costly silks and satins.—London Spectator.

An Old Recipe.
Here is a recipe for the bite of a mad dog taken from the "Universal Magazine of Knowledge," published by John Hinton at the King's Arms in Newgate street, London, May, 1733. "Take the youngest shoots of the elder tree, peel off the outside rind, then scraping off the green rind, take two handfuls of it, which simmer a quarter of an hour in five pints of ale. Strain it off and when cold put it in bottles. Take half a pint, make warm the first thing in the morning and the last at night and be sure to keep yourself warm; also bathe the part affected with some of the liquor warmed, the dose to be repeated the next day or full moon after the first. It is good for cattle as well as the human species."

A Practical View.
"As a new woman," he said, "I suppose you will object to the wedding ring as a symbol of man's tyranny?"

"Of course I shall," she replied. "Under no circumstances would I consent to wear such a thing. It is not essential to a marriage, and it stands for all that is objectionable in the marriage relation."

"And on the same theory," he continued, "I suppose you will refuse to wear an engagement ring also?"

"Well, no," she answered slowly and thoughtfully. "That's a very different matter."

"But theoretically it is."

"There is no use arguing," she interrupted. "I don't care what it is theoretically. Practically it is very often a diamond, while the wedding ring is only plain gold, and that makes all the difference in the world."

Young Eagles.
An eagle lives from eighty to 120 years. The young birds are driven forth by their savage parents to provide for themselves as soon as they are able to fly. No training is given them by the old bird. That is left to their wild instincts, which hunger and necessity develop. There is no "going back to the old home" for the young eagles. The mother bird tears up every vestige of the nest, and if they emit plaintive shrieks the old birds dart at them and push them off the crags or rocks and thereby make them take to their wings. It takes three years for a young eagle to gain its complete plumage and strength.—Independent.

Never Tense a Horse.
Tensing a horse is something that should not be tolerated. A horse can not understand a joke like a man, and the teasing will make him vicious. Tensing a colt or a calf affords children and thoughtless men amusement for the time being, but those usually develop into vicious animals. I once had a calf when I was a young man, and I let him butt me around the lot, and I thought it was fun. Later he was "ruler of the roost," and he "found an early grave"—that is, he became so grave that he had to pay the penalty by going over the block.—St. Louis Republic.

Throwing Away a Fortune.
A poor Austrian official in the civil service bought two tickets in the Hungarian philanthropic state lottery. A little while afterward his funds ran very low, and he sent back one of the tickets to the lottery office and asked that the money he had paid for it might be returned. This very ticket won the first prize at the drawing, amounting to 150,000 kronen, a sum which would have made the official rich beyond his utmost dreams if he had not at the last moment let his own good fortune slip out of his hand.

Sorrow in Childhood.
A lady was once talking to Queen Elizabeth of Roumania and advanced the theory that sorrow in childhood cast a shadow over the whole life, rendering happiness in later years impossible.

"Do not believe it," replied the queen. "Happiness is like an ocean. It bears you away from the past and all its many sorrows, provided only that you do not persist in looking backward."

LEGAL NOTICES

First pub. July 18, last Aug. 8.

APPLICATION FOR CHARTER

Notice is hereby given that on or about the 10th day of August, A. D. 1903, the undersigned incorporators will apply to the Honorable Minor S. Jones, Judge of the Seventh Judicial Circuit of Florida, for his approval of a Charter of Incorporation of an Association to be known as the Florida East Coast Automobile Association, to be located at Daytona, Volusia county, Florida, the object being the encouragement and development of the automobile for pleasure purposes; to guard against adverse or unjust legislation; to maintain the lawful rights and privileges of owners or users of all forms of self-propelled pleasure vehicles; to encourage in all ways the construction and maintenance of good roads, particularly along the East Coast of Florida; to conduct annual racing meets on the Ormond, Daytona Beach, in general to maintain a social club devoted to Automobism, but it is understood that the Association shall not be organized for profit, and no dividends shall ever be declared or paid. The proposed charter being on file in the office of the Clerk of the Circuit Court of Volusia County, Florida, during the pendency of this notice.

(Signed) H. H. Seelye, John Parkinson, S. H. Gore, Edward G. Harris, J. A. Hendricks.

Dated the 11th day of July, A. D. 1903.

NOTICE OF FINAL DISCHARGE. To Whom It May Concern: Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, J. Lee McFadyen, county judge of Volusia county, Florida, for final discharge as Executor of the estate of Thos. B. Steele, and that I shall on the 15th day of October, 1903, present my accounts and vouchers for final approval and apply for discharge.

J. LEE MCFADYEN, Executor. Daytona, Fla., March 11, 1903.

GRAND ARMY REPUBLIC.
Thirty-Seventh Annual Encampment San Francisco, August 17-22.

To Comrades, their Families and Friends:
Our Thirty-Seventh Annual Encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic will be held at San Francisco, California, August 17th to 22nd, inclusive.

We expect to carry from Florida, Georgia and South Carolina, the largest delegation that ever attended an occasion of this kind, as the greatest enthusiasm prevails among our comrades everywhere over the approaching Encampment.

The Florida, Georgia and South Carolina department has been fortunate to secure very low rates, with a liberal limit of tickets, and this of itself will insure a large attendance from these states. The Georgia and South Carolina camps have selected an official route which we hope will be satisfactory to all. We expect to leave Atlanta, Ga., Monday, August 10, at 8:22 a. m. in a through tourist sleeper which will run to San Francisco without change. The route will be via Chattanooga, Nashville, St. Louis, Kansas City, Denver and Salt Lake City, where our party will stop and view the City of the Saints, and the Great Salt Lake.

The Georgia and South Carolina camps extend an invitation to all the Florida comrades, their families and friends.

Make your preparations now to join us, and we will all have a glorious trip.

If you want any information regarding this trip, such as rates, schedules and sleeping car accommodations, write to E. J. Walker, No. 212 West Bay Street, Jacksonville, Fla.

Headquarters Department of Georgia and South Carolina, G. W. K. Fitzgerald, G. A. Official, A. W. KELLY, Asst. Adm. General and Quartermaster General.

AS A WORKING TOOL
for the student and the writer, as an authoritative reference book for schools, families and business men, there is one book which offers superior advantages both in the solid value of its information, and the ease with which it is obtained.

One's admiration for Webster's International Dictionary increases daily as it comes to be better known. It never refuses the information sought and it never overwhelms one with a mass of mis-information illogically arranged.

The St. James Gazette of London, England, says: "For the teacher, the pupil, the student and the litterateur, there is nothing better; it covers everything."

The New and Enlarged Edition recently issued has 25,000 new words and phrases, 2364 pages and 5000 illustrations.

Our name is on the title-pages of all the authentic dictionaries of the Webster series.

LET US SEND YOU FREE
"A Test in Pronunciation" which affords a pleasant and instructive evening's entertainment. Illustrated pamphlet also free.

G. & C. MERIAM CO., Pubs., Springfield, Mass.

The Dredge "KLONDIKE"
MELTON & CAMERON, Proprietors.

Dredging done in the Halifax, Tonoka and all rivers up and down the East Coast.

Terms Reasonable and Satisfaction Guaranteed.

Address the proprietors, Daytona, Fla.

MALLORY LINES
Through tickets to New York, Philadelphia, New Haven, New London, Stonington, Providence, Fall River, Boston and

ALL NORTHERN POINTS
at rates LOWER THAN VIA ANY OTHER LINE. Three steamer trains every Thursday, leaving Jacksonville as follows:

Via the Sea Islands..... 10:10 a. m. (Metropolitan Limited.)
Via Plant System..... 3:15 p. m.
Via Seaboard Air-Line..... 7:45 p. m. (Fast Mail.)

Passengers leave Daytona 5:29 a. m. and 3:22 p. m., making close connections.

For illustrated matter, diagrams, reservations, tickets, etc., address

A. W. PYE, Agent, 220 West Bay Street, Jacksonville, Florida.

Geo. H. Clark, Local Agent, Daytona, Fla.

\$64.70

TO

CALIFORNIA

and RETURN

Via L. and N. R. R.

First class round trip tickets from Jacksonville on sale July 31 to Aug. 13; corresponding rates from other points. Tickets good going one route and returning another; favorable stop-over arrangements. Final limit October 15. Round trip rates to several points West and Northwest.

For full information address,
J. M. FLEMING,
Florida Passenger Agent L. & N. R. R.,
Jacksonville, Fla.

Geo. Sou. & Fla. Ry.
"SAVANNAH RIVER ROUTE."

SCHEDULES IN EFFECT JAN. 4, 1903.

Le. Palatka..... 5:15 p. m. 6:15 a. m.
" Jacksonville 7:50 " 7:45 " 11:00
Ar. Valdosta..... 11:05 " 11:00
" Tifton..... 12:35 a. m. 12:35 p. m.
" Cordele..... 1:45 " 1:45 "

S. A. & F. RY.
Ar. Americus..... 7:58 a. m. 3:03 p. m.
" Columbus..... 12:25 p. m. 5:15 " 7:55 " 11:00
" Montgomery..... 7:55 " 11:00
" S. A. & F. RY.
" Macon..... 3:40 a. m. 4:10 p. m.
" Georgia R. R.
Ar. Augusta..... 8:35 a. m.

Ar. Atlanta..... 7:25 a. m. 8:45 p. m.
" Columbus..... 7:03 " 7:45 p. m.
" Birmingham..... 12:20 noon
" Memphis..... 8:05 p. m.

S. A. & F. RY.
Ar. Marietta..... 9:11 a. m. 9:16 p. m.
" Chattanooga..... 1:00 p. m. 1:00 a. m.
" Nashville..... 6:55 " 6:40 " 11:00
" St. Louis..... 6:52 a. m. 7:24 p. m.
" Chicago..... 11:20 " 11:20 " 12:35 p. m.
" L. & N.
Ar. Louisville..... 2:30 a. m. 12:35 p. m.
" Cincinnati..... 7:20 " 4:05 " 11:00
" Ar. Chicago..... 9:15 a. m.

Solid trains from Jacksonville to Macon. Trains from Palatka connect at Valdosta with trains going north from Jacksonville.

Local Sleepers on Dixie Flyer train for Macon, remaining in depot until 7:30 a. m. Pullman Buffet Sleeping cars from Jacksonville to St. Louis via above route without change of cars on Dixie Flyer train, also Pullman's finest sleepers on same train to Chicago without change.

For schedules southbound and other information, address J. H. RAPPAPORT, Dist. Pass. Agt., 201 Bay St., Jacksonville, Fla.

C. R. BROWN,
Gen'l Pass. Agt., Macon, Ga.

Illinois Central Railroad

Others very low rates on following dates:

Colonist Tickets to California, Utah, Nevada, New Mexico, Arizona, Colorado, Oregon, Washington, Montana, Idaho, Wyoming, on sale daily until June 15.

National Encampment G. A. R. Tickets on sale July 31 to Aug. 13. Good to return until Oct. 15.

Denver and Return

On sale June 30th to July 9th. Good to return until Aug. 31st. Through Pullman Sleeping Car Daily between Jacksonville, Macon, Atlanta, Chattanooga, Nashville and St. Louis. Free Pullman Chair Car between Nashville and St. Louis, and Through Pullman Sleeping Car Daily between Nashville and Chicago. This is the only Double Track line between Chicago and the Ohio River.

For full particulars, rates, tickets and pamphlets, address

FRED D. MILLER,
Traveling Passenger Agt.,
No. 1 Brown Building,
ATLANTA, GA.

For Biliousness
The liver must be gently stirred so that the bile will be thrown off in the right channel; the system at the same time should be invigorated.

RAMON'S LIVER PILLS

and Tonic Pellets form the Mild Power Cure that completely does the work without shock or injury to any part of the system.

Sample and Booklet Free.

Complete Treatment 25 days 25 cts.

W. F. Gille, Jr., & Co.

OCEAN STEAMSHIP CO.

"Savannah Line."
FAST FREIGHT AND LUXURIOUS PASSENGER ROUTE TO New York, Boston and the East

BY LAND AND SEA.
Short Rail Ride to Savannah
THENCE via Palatial Express Steamships
Sailings from Savannah
FOUR SHIPS EVERY WEEK

To New York, making close connections with New York Boston ships or Sound Lines. All ticket agents are supplied with monthly sailing schedules. Write for general information, sailing schedules, stationing reservations, current rates. W. H. PLEASANTS, Vice Pres. and Manager, New Pier 35, North River, New York, N. Y. 315-02

W. G. BREWER, C. T. & P. A., Savannah, Ga.
J. W. WILKINSON, Asst. Bartlett, Fla.

NOTICE
Do you use Whiskey for medicinal or other purposes? If so, ask us for prices and descriptions of our

The Riverside Distilling Company, RONDA, N. C.
Manufacturers of High Grade and Pure
North Carolina Hand-Made Whiskey
Also Peach and Apple Brandy.

Try our "Good Enough" Corn Whiskey at \$1.00 per gallon. We are situated in the heart of the mountain corn belt, and grow all the whiskeys are made, and can supply you with a grade of corn, the quality of which is unsurpassed. We have superior facilities for supplying our customers with large quantities in short lots, and we positively guarantee the purity of our product. We promise prompt shipment, and express charges will be added. Give us a trial. We guarantee absolute satisfaction in every particular. Address: RIVERSIDE DISTILLING CO., Statesville, N. C., or Bradford's, Directors.

Riverside Distilling Company
We refer you by permission to F. H. NORTON, N. C., or Bradford's, Directors.

CLYDE LINES
NEW YORK, JACKSONVILLE, CHARLESTON, FLORIDA.

Tri-Weekly Sailings
BETWEEN
JACKSONVILLE and NEW YORK.

The FINEST STEAMSHIPS IN THE COASTWISE SERVICE
The Clyde New England and Southern Lines.

JACKSONVILLE, BOSTON AND PROVIDENCE, AND ALL EASTERN PORTS.
Calling at Charleston, Savannah, and New York.

Southbound
Northbound

From Lewis Wharf, Boston
from foot Catherine Street, Jacksonville

CLYDE ST. JOHNS RIVER LINE.
Between Jacksonville and Sanford
STOPPING AT PALATKA, ASTOR, ST. AUGUSTINE, DELAND and Intermediate Landings on the ST. JOHNS RIVER.

STEAMER "City of Jacksonville"

IS APPOINTED FOR THE REGULAR SERVICE
Leaves Jacksonville for St. Augustine, Deland, Sanford, and New York, via Savannah, on Wednesdays and Saturdays.

SCHEDULE
Southbound
Leave Jacksonville
" 3:30 p. m.
" 5:30 p. m.
" 7:30 p. m.
" 9:30 p. m.
Active 5:30 a. m.

Northbound
Leave Jacksonville
" 5:30 a. m.
" 7:30 a. m.
" 9:30 a. m.
" 11:30 a. m.
Active 5:30 a. m.

General Passenger and Ticket office,
204 W. Bay St. Jacksonville.

ACHAGERTY, East Coast Pass. Agt., 18 State St., New York, N. Y.
THOS. D. HALEY, Local Agt., 120 E. 1st St., Jacksonville, Fla.
Foot Hogan St., Jacksonville, Fla.
JNO. L. HOWARD, Supercargo, Foot Hogan St., Jacksonville, Fla.

THEO. U. EGER, General Manager
W. F. GILLE & CO., Local Agent, Chesborough Building, 19 State St., New York, N. Y.